

From the Columbus Statesman.  
The Oregon Question—The Course of the new Administration.

The question of the occupation of the territory of the Oregon by the United States, and the extending of our laws over those who have emigrated to that fertile land, under the belief that their persons and property would receive protection from the government, is one of the deepest interest to the American people. The question presented is not so much for the extension of territory, though it be over the fairest and most fertile of lands, as it is of national honor—of national faith to our citizens.

More than a quarter of a century ago, President Monroe announced that the powers of Europe must cease to consider the continent a place whereon to plant their colonies, and that declaration found a response in every heart. England, about that time, set up an indefinite claim to a portion of our territory, and without a shadow of legal title thereto, she insisted upon negotiation. In the progress of these negotiations, she has assumed a bolder tone, and now claims the whole of the territory, and asks that those who have settled there be given over to the tender mercies of English laws—that they be made aliens from the country of their birth, or else trouble between the two countries might ensue.

For years past this question has been of growing importance, and in consequence of the news received by the Caledonia, it has become the great question of the day, absorbing all others of lesser importance.

England, in her years of attempted negotiation, has shown no claim to the territory which can stand the test of truth—Her repeated efforts to negotiate have been but so many attempts—and successful ones, too—at procrastination, at staving off the question, England gaining all she wishes by the treaty now existing, which gives her concurrent jurisdiction in the territory.

The convention which nominated James K. Polk and George M. Dallas for the two first offices in the gift of a free people, responding to the feelings of the millions of freemen they represented, as well as to their own feelings of truth, justice and national honor, passed a resolution on the subject of the Oregon controversy, which was endorsed by Mr. Polk before the election, and a portion of it afterwards adopted as the language of his inaugural address. Thus indorsed, not only by a large majority of the people of this Union, but by the President of their choice, that resolution expresses, in a few words, the course the new administration will pursue on the Oregon question. The resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, That our title to the whole of the territory of Oregon is clear and unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power; and that the reoccupation of Oregon, and the reannexation of Texas, at the earliest practicable period, are great American measures, which this convention recommend to the cordial support of the democracy of the Union."

The language of the inaugural, which adopts a portion of the language of the resolution above quoted, is equally strong, firm and decided. It breathes the sentiments of one in whose keeping the interests of the American people will be safe, and who will preserve unstained the American honor.

The following is the language of the inaugural of President Polk, to which English statesmen abroad and English editors in the United States strongly object, but which finds a response in every heart which beats for justice, for our country and our rights:

"Nor will it become in a less degree my duty to assert and maintain by all constitutional means, the right of the United States to that portion of our territory which lies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Our title to the country of Oregon is 'clear and unquestionable,' and already are our people preparing to perfect that title by occupying it with their wives and children. But eighty years ago, our population was confined on the west by the ridge of the Alleghenies. Within that period—within the life time, I might say, of some of my hearers—our people increasing to many millions, have filled the eastern valley of the Mississippi; adventurously ascended the Missouri to its head springs; and are already engaged in establishing the blessings of self government in valleys, of which the rivers flow to the Pacific. The world beholds the peaceful triumphs of the industry of our emigrant. To us belongs the duty of protecting them adequately wherever they may be upon our soil. The jurisdiction of our laws, and the benefits of our republican institutions, should be extended over them in the distant regions which they have selected for their homes. The increasing facilities of intercourse will easily bring the States, of which the formation is that part of the territory cannot be long delayed, within the sphere of our federal Union. In the mean time, every obligation imposed by treaty or conventional stipulations should be sacredly respected."

"In the management of our foreign relations, it will be my aim to observe a careful respect for the rights of other nations, while our own will be the subject of constant watchfulness. Equal and exact justice should characterize all our intercourse with foreign countries."

All alliances having a tendency to jeopard the welfare and honor of our country, or sacrifice any one of the national interests, will be studiously avoided; and yet no opportunity will be lost to cultivate a favorable understanding with foreign governments, by which our navigation and commerce may be extended, and the ample products of our fertile soil, as well as the manufactures of our skillful artisans, find a ready market and remunerating prices in foreign countries."

Taking the resolution of the Baltimore Convention as the text, and the language of the inaugural as the commentary, the course the administration will pursue, is so clear that he who runs may read. Our right to the whole territory in dispute is asserted, and our right to the whole territory will be maintained. Our title being 'clear and unquestionable,' the administration clearly and unquestionably will defend it, and yet not yield one inch to the false and groundless claim set up by Great Britain. Unlike statesmen of the federal school, Mr. Polk not only says what he means, but what is of equal importance, he means what he says; and in his strict veracity, and the able and patriotic man he has drawn around him, the people of the Great West, whose feelings are so deeply interested in this great and, to them, all absorbing question, have a guaranty that the interest of the country is invested in safe hands—its honor confided to hands that neither the blustering bragadocio threats of England, nor the whining appeals of English emissaries in our midst, can swerve from the fixed and unalterable determination to submit to nothing that is wrong. For years past, Great Britain has tried diplomacy—the news by the last steam-ship from that country shows that she is bringing threats to her aid to prolong the negotiation. Had the federal Senate of the United States passed the Oregon bill of the last session, the dispute would ere this have been placed in a situation to bring it to a speedy close. As it is, the next Congress will repair the wrongs of the last Senate, and will do justice, not only to the country, but to those who have settled in Oregon on the implied pledge of the government that her laws should shield them.

For our own part, we trust negotiation will soon be ended, for it is time the question was settled, which we humbly conceive never can be done, as long as Great Britain can stave off the final adjustment of the question by diplomacy. Let our government at once give the twelve months notice required by the treaty, and, at the end of that time, assume jurisdiction over the whole of the territory belonging to the United States; and if Great Britain should carry her threats into execution and declare war, we are better prepared for that event now, than when we braved that power before. Should that event happen, there is no part of the Union that would respond to the call, and share its portion of the burdens with more cheerful alacrity, than that portion known as the Great West. But war will never be declared by Great Britain. Her bluster is but for effect, and a straight-forward and a manly course, such as we have every confidence will be pursued by the present administration, will in a short time peacefully plant the American flag at the mouth of the Columbia, and establish American laws over the whole of that beautiful territory.

Instinct of the Elephant.

Speaking of the recent savage performance of the Elephant at Baton Rouge the Advocate of that place says:

It is supposed that the original cause of the Elephant's fury was a piece of tobacco which had very imprudently been given to him by some of the spectators at the exhibition on the previous day. The extraordinary sagacity of an animal like the Elephant is not to be fearfully impaired with. And here, we will relate an incident in proof of this well known fact. Some years ago, during our sojourn at Monroe, in this State, a menagerie, having an elephant (probably the identical one spoken of above, stopped at the town to exhibit for a few days. One afternoon, a young man—clerk in a store offered the elephant a piece of tobacco, which taking with his trunk he placed in his mouth, but quickly perceiving the imposition to which he had been subjected, he grew vehemently enraged, lashed his trunk furiously about, pierced the air with his neighings, and would follow the young man with his eyes during the rest of the afternoon. That night about 12 o'clock he broke loose from his station, and, as if guided by some secret knowledge, made directly for the store, in the back room of which his tormenter slept, and tearing up by the roots several large china trees in front of the building, he then battered down the door, effected his entrance, and rushed into the room where the young man was asleep, giving him barely time to escape with his life. The monstrous midnight invader, after performing sundry works of mischief, left the store and proceeded to the Ouadaha river, across which he swam and after travelling some miles on the opposite shore, was finally captured by its keeper.

REFINEMENT.—The Vicksburg Constitutionalist says that no smoking of cigars or pipes is permitted in any church in the city of Vicksburg.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

FAREWELL.

BY W. C. LODGE.

And must the parting words at last be spoken,  
And friendship lose communion's sweetest spell?  
Shall the fond link that joined our hearts be broken,  
And we forget, when we have breathed farewell?

I would not wish on this cold world to linger,  
Disrobed of love, and friendship's purest joys  
While cheering Hope still points her rosy finger,  
To that bright land, where pleasure never dyes.

Oh, I have heard of mystic music ringing  
Thro' Heavenly courts, and harps of finest gold  
In harmony played with the angels' singing,  
In some far world where parting never is told.

There seraph forms in vestal garments shining,  
For the lone traveller who seeks that shore  
Make melody, and round his brow entwining  
The crown of glory, bid him roam no more.

Welcome thy rosy-throated shadowy ocean,  
Whose dark waves bear us to the spirit land,  
O'er thy mysterious depth, soft be the motion,  
That wafts our vessel to thy viewless strand.

Friends parted none shall have a joyous meeting  
In rich Elysian fields, and Paradise,  
Ringing with loud hosannas, be the greeting,  
And songs of welcome echo through the skies.

There we shall dwell, amid the fadeland flowers  
Of everlasting spring, and drink from streams  
Of living waters, stray through fragrant bowers,  
All fairer than the fairy land of dreams.

The holy ties of love shall never be broken;  
The weary soul may find delightful rest;  
No parting there—no farewell e'er is spoken  
In that fair, sinless region of the blest.

From the Ladies' Garland.

The Forgotten Vow.

BY MISS JULIA NEWMAN.

The farewell beam of the setting sun stole faintly across the tops of the distant hills, imparting a lurid hue to the dusky pasture lands, where hundreds of sheep were stealing away from the cool retreat, whither they had resorted to screen themselves from the burning glare of the noonday sun. Silvery clouds were playing over the oriental skies, collecting in one solid mass, forming fantastic shapes, and anon darting a long the horizon with accelerated velocity, until the hazy distance intervened and excluded them from our gaze. The sweet forest bird was chaunting her last requiem over the departing day. Her notes were peculiarly sweet and plaintive. Artless and simple was her song, yet so replete with pathos that it communicated to my mind a pleasure which art ever fails to do. Cool breezes passed stealthily by, bearing upon their wings rich perfume gathered from the floral tribe which decked the surrounding gardens, or the fragrant honeysuckle that adorned the lattice of the Swiss cottager. The chiming of the "vesper bell" brought sweet music to the ear, as it reverberated its well-known "ding, dong, dong," from the far distant village spire, which reflected back the sun's last ray, then suddenly disappeared in the dusky twilight. Nature, in all her varied aspects, seemed combined to render it one of the most favored scenes in memory's eye, or nature's book.

It was at such an hour, and surrounded by such circumstances, that George Ellis and Eugenia May left the center of Lausanne—the beautiful capitol of the canton of Vaud—to ramble about its suburbs, and scan the beautiful scenery and romantic landscape that might be described from the vine clad hills that skirted the pretty lake Geneva. Eugenia was a child of song; poetry, botany, and music were her favorite studies. Her fine eye beamed intelligence, not easily mistaken, and the bright sunny smiles that played (though oft through tears) over her finely chiselled features, made up for any deficiency the most acute physiognomist might detect. She was, at the time of which we are just now speaking, particularly interesting and beautiful. The temperature of the atmosphere flushed her cheek with the rosy hue of health, the shade of which was heightened by a blush that stole over her entire face as George playfully twined an evergreen amid the profusion of golden ringlets that danced over her intellectual brow.

"Why, George," said she, after a moment's pensive thought, occasioned by a sentence that mournfully fell from the lips of George, but which we did not understand—"why must you go? Why leave Lausanne? It will be so lonely here when you are away, I shall be so—oh, so very unhappy."

"Dearest Eugenia," he replied, "honor and fame call me away; I must go; but six short months, and I'll return—you shall then ever be mine."

A sigh alone broke the silence that followed. Eugenia felt that it would be a long, long six months, and so did George; but he wished to dispel the gloom he saw gathering over the mind of Eugenia.

dom of France, an exquisite, worthy the attention he received. He is not thoughtless or indifferent about Eugenia; but some evil geni whispered in his ear, that he is forgotten by the pretty Swiss girl; and he begins to imagine her communications more cold than formerly, and under the influence of this infatuation, in an unguarded hour, he wins the daughter of a noble.

But let us conduct the reader back to Lausanne, and enquire after Eugenia. In the parlor she is seated, her head reclining upon her hand, pensively humming a tune of "auld lang syne," while memory awakens all her former dreams of future bliss, as her voice instinctively traces those notes he ever delighted to hear, and on which they both delighted to dwell.

The time of trial alone determines the strength of woman's affection. She may not love; but if once she does, she never forgets. Forever cursed be the man that intentionally casts a blight over a trusting heart. The chameleon hues she assumes, the ironical assertions she makes (in love affairs) are all but an ignis fatuus to the gossiping world, beneath which are secluded hearts, devoted affections, deep and lasting as existence itself.

Twelve fleeting months passed, and George returned, accompanied by his beautiful bride; a happy man.

Eugenia said nought; for she possessed much of woman's boasted pride; she only thought. The same graceful mien characterized every act; the same smile played over her dimpled cheek, and George fondly hoped he was forgotten.

A few weeks passed. The physicians said, "the hills of Switzerland were too cold for so delicate a constitution as Eugenia possessed; she must visit the extreme south of Italy." Beneath a milder sky she might possibly regain her health. But the hollow cough, the sunken cheek, the hectic flush, the lustrous eye, were all premonitors of an early grave. Eugenia felt, and there was one other who felt; this was not without a cause. Four short months passed by and Eugenia slept beside her mother. Earth's toils were all over; the greenward lightly covered the ground beneath which she lay, and the night bird sang her evening chorusses on the willow that bent over her lonely tomb. A simple monument alone marks the spot. No eulogy defaces, no panegyric scatters the charm that clusters around the tomb of Eugenia. Her name alone is all that's sculptured there; but weekly, the heart-broken George and his amiable wife visit the grave and deplore the fate of the once happy, beautiful Eugenia.

A Beautiful Incident.

The following incident occurred a few weeks since in a village of one of the Southern counties of New York. It was a warm Sabbath afternoon, and the doors of the village church were thrown open to let in the balmy air from the fields without. The congregation had assembled; and while the minister was reading the first hymn, a dove entered the door and came walking up the main aisle.

Such a visitor drew of course universal attention. But as the choir arose to sing, he seemed startled, and lifting himself on his wings, alighted on the stove pipe above him, where he sat bending his glossy neck and turning his head so as to catch the harmony as it swelled through the temple of God. Whether it was the chorus of voices or the full toned notes of the organ that captivated him, I cannot tell; but he sat the perfect picture of earnest attention till the music ceased. Waiting a moment as if to hear the strain commence again, he started from his perch, and sailed to the top of the organ, where he perched himself and sat and looked down on the audience. The young clergyman knelt to pray. He is distinguished for the earnestness and fervor of his invocation, and as he stood with his hands around the Bible which lay clasped before him; humbly beseeching the Father of all good to send his Holy Spirit down, that beautiful bird pitched from its resting place on the organ, and sailing down on level wing the whole length of the church perched on the Bible directly between the hands of the clergyman.

It was merely a natural occurrence, but how beautiful the picture. The minister pleading heaven's blessing—the Bible before him, around which his hands were reverently clasped while on it stood that beautiful and innocent dove. The three together formed a group full of interest and symbolizing all that is dear to man. The Word of God was before the people with God's chosen emblem upon it, and God's herald clasping them both as he prayed.

What wonder is it if a superstitious feeling ran through the house as the people watched that dove—the emblem of innocence and purity and the Divine spirit itself—standing on the Bible and looking gently down on them. Beautiful incident, that centered for a time the affections of all on it and he who could have injured it there would have injured hundreds of hearts at the same time. The presence of its tiny feet was no sacrifice there; for the expression of its soft eye was innocence and love. The clergyman feeling the presence of the bird and fearing it might distract the attention of his hearers gently passed his hand over his Bible,

The dove, unstartled, merely hopped over it on the cushion where it sat till prayer was ended. It then rose and sailed away. In former times the dove would have been regarded as a spiritual visitant from the unforseen world, sent on a special mission in answer to prayer and awakened feelings of awe and reverence.

To us it was only a natural but unusual occurrence, awakening simply the sentiment of beauty. It was a new and accidental figure introduced suddenly into a beautiful picture, giving great harmony and perfection to what was deemed perfect before. There was no religion in it; but it was full of beauty.—N. Y. Observer.

ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote, related by Wm. L. Stone, Esq., in a story called "Life in the Woods," exhibits the perilous position of a man beset by wolves: One John Castor, who was the musician of the neighborhood having been kept rather late at a rustic party, was wending his way homeward just in the grey of the morning. While crossing on old clearing near the edge of the woods, in which stood a deserted and dilapidated log hut, he was set upon by a large pack of wolves from all directions. He rushed with all possible speed into the hovel, the door of which was wide open to receive him; but positively refused to be shut to keep out the foe, who now pressed so closely upon him, filling the air with their howlings, that he was obliged to spring upon a beam to prevent being torn to pieces. But the wolves were not slow in climbing up the logs after him; and he would most assuredly have formed their morning's banquet but for a bright thought. He had somewhere seen the hackneyed rhapsody of the poet—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"—and he determined to try the effect of the concord of sweet sounds upon their unsophisticated ears, whereupon he struck up a brisk tune on his new Holland fiddle. The effect was magical. The wolves were no longer bristling and barking with rage, and ready to devour him, but became as silent and attentive as so many Scotsmen at the ballad of Robin Adair. But poor Castor! he would much rather have died for forty contra dances than a single party of wolves, since no sooner did he cease to play than they recommenced hostilities. The weather was cold, and his fingers were too much benumbed to allow him to traverse the strings. But no matter; his unwelcome audience were inexorable, and he was obliged either to allow himself to be eaten or keep on fiddling. I have heard mention of the weariness of the fiddler's elbow; but never did elbow ache like John Castor's on that morning; and what added to his perplexity was, the giving way of his instrument; string after string had snapped asunder, until the bass was the last remaining, and the wolves began to manifest less satisfaction for one grum noise, so "long drawn out," but not "in linked sweetness." Just at this interesting crisis, however, my friend, Mr. Seymour, with his ox team, and his much more athletic brother, appeared, being on their way to the saw-mill; and the wolves thereupon made a precipitate, and to the prisoner, a welcome retreat.—Pictorial Magazine.

ANTIQUITY OF MESMERISM.—Magnetism appears to have been well understood by the Egyptian hierarchy, not only from some of the effects we find recorded, but in one of the chambers, whose hieroglyphics are devoted to medical subjects, we find a priest in the very act of that mesmerism which is pretended to have been discovered a few years ago. The patient is seated in a chair while the operator describes the mesmeric passes, and an attendant waits behind to support the head when it has bowed in the mysterious sleep.

SOUND PHILOSOPHY.—At an examination of a school in Essex county, one of the committee proposed the following questions to a boy who was studying natural philosophy. Mr. D. Can you explain the principles of adhesion? (Boy hesitates.) D. What keeps your body together? Ans. Vituals and drink. D. What are the uses of a lever? (Boy is nonplused.) If you had a log in the ditch how would you get it out? Ans. I would hitch on a yoke of cattle. Committee-man slept.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has also its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, are softened into pensive meditations on all that was dear in the day of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart, tho' it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son? said an anxious father to his sluggish boy—"don't you see the flowers even spring out of your beds at the early dawn?"

"Yes father," replied the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

A gentleman, says a London paper, walking past Westminster bridge, inquired how the bridge answered. The reply was, "If you step to the gate you'll be told."

COARS.—As every one seems to be familiar with these painful excrescences we extract the following mode of cure, without in any way endorsing the receipt. It may be worth trying:—Take a small piece of flannel which has not yet been washed, wrap or sew it around the corn or toe—one thickness will be sufficient. Wet the flannel, where the place is, night and morning with fine sweet oil. Renew the flannel weekly, and at the same time pare the corn, which will soon disappear.

A ROARING ORATOR.—"Mr. President, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly, the gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time, that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions, where republics are hurled into arctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes—but sir, we can tell him, indelibly, that the consequences thereof multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake that resolution than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the bowl of the midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statue into ice. That's just what I tell them."

A good lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

SENTIMENT.—"Behold, my Flora, how glorious Nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted with grass and flowers."

"Yes Charles, I was thinking of the same thing. These flowers are dandelions, and when they are gathered and put into a pot, with a piece of good fat pork, they make the best greens in the world."

INQUEST.—Can you tell me, Pomp, what a jury of inquest am?

Yes, a jury of inquest am a body of men what sits down on a dead man to find out whether he are dead for sartia, or only playing possum.

How mazin cute you is, Pomp!

"I should like to have some money to-day," said a dun to a debtor the other day. "That is an article I don't deal in," was the cool reply.

A CHANCE.—A Hoosier has the following advertisement, in the last Batesville News, under the head of "Wife Wanted":

"Any gal what's got a bed, calico dress, coffee pot and a skillet, knows how to make a hunting shirt and to take care of children, can have my services until death parts both on us now and forever."

The newspapers at times have odd things in them. Amongst the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that

"Two sisters want washing."

"A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own nor any other employment."

A spruce young buck was boasting to an acquaintance of his success among the fair, and among other things declared that he might have sparked it with a certain young lady whom he named. "Why, then," asked his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity?" "Because she begged to be excused, and I was such a devoted fool that I excused her?"

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye tub; 'tis rather red," said a joker to a sandy-haired girl.

"In return, sir, I would advise you to put yours in an oven, for 'tis rather soft," was the prompt reply.

A Great Secret.

How do you do, Mrs. Thome? have you heard that story Mrs. Lundy?

Why no, really, Mrs. Gab, what is it—do tell!

"O, I promised not to tell for the world.—No I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out."

"O I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world what is it, come tell."

"Now you won't say anything about it—will you?"

"No, I will never open my head about it sacredly. Hope to die this minute."

Well if you believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night Mrs. Trot told her that her sister husband was told by one who saw it that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nicks that she heard Mrs. Putefog tell Naomi Blute that a milliner told her that butlers were going out of fashion.